

## Higher Level

KRS-One

After seven years of rockin'  
How do you rate me?  
Poorly or greatly?  
Everybody seems to be goin' for their's lately  
Yo mad heads be needin' money  
So listen very close as I conduct this little study  
See it's, funny to me, you can watch TV  
And give up your life trying to be all you can be  
In the Army  
Not knowin' your history  
You either fight and die or come back home in misery  
Yo get with me, I deal with reality  
Loosen your mind to the truth, and don't get mad at me  
No politican can give you peace  
If you trust Jesus, why do you vote for a beast?  
Emancipation is long over due  
So overcome procrastination  
Because freedom is within you  
For some reason we think we're free  
So we'll never be  
Because we haven't recognized slavery  
You're still a slave, look at how you behave  
Debatin' on where and when and how and what Massa gave  
You wanna know how we screwed up from the beginning?  
We accepted our opressor's religion  
So in the case of slavery it ain't hard  
Because it's right in the eyes of THEIR God  
Where is our God, the God that represents us?  
The God that looks like me, the God that I can trust?  
A God of peace and love, not mass hysteria  
I don't want a God that blesses America  
I could never really vote for the devil  
Let me take you to a higher level...

Title, take the title from the Bible we can get there  
Rip the title from off the front of the Bible, God don't live there  
Too many inconsistencies, too many mysteries  
Picture the Pope and the Vatican, laughing and drinking and singing and  
Kissing me  
I stand with God whether I'm paid or whether I'm cryin' broke  
I like to ask these politicians would Jesus vote?  
The way we view God is a freakin' shame  
Church is to blame  
We trust God, but bomb Hussein  
We simply lovin' the scripture  
Same scripture that whipped 'cha  
Sooner it'll hit 'cha  
Religion's gettin' richer  
With that European version of Christ made into a picture  
Our society's gettin' sicker, and sicker, and sicker...  
Like liquor, we are God-Intoxicated  
Not to the true God, but the one the government created  
The same governments tellin' people to vote  
I pray to God because the people have lost hope  
You either vote for the mumps or the measels  
Whether you vote for the lesser of two evils, you vote for evil  
Politics and God are not equal

But the education if you don't guard, is really lethal  
People have more respect for a holy book  
Than they do for a cow on a meat hook  
Belivers of Jesus be denouncing Satan on every level  
But every Halloween they're dressin' like devils  
I pray to you for the light you might give them  
Mother make them know that you're livin' with them  
You begin them and end them in silence  
Frankly, if they knew you, they would understand violence  
I pray to you for the Pope and the Vatican  
Have mercy Mother, cause I know that you're mad at them  
The White Jesus deceived us awhile ago  
And Pope Julius the Second paid Michaelangelo  
I know this happened in 1519 yet  
This is the image we can't seem to forget  
Vote for God, don't vote for the Devil  
Let me take you to a higher level...